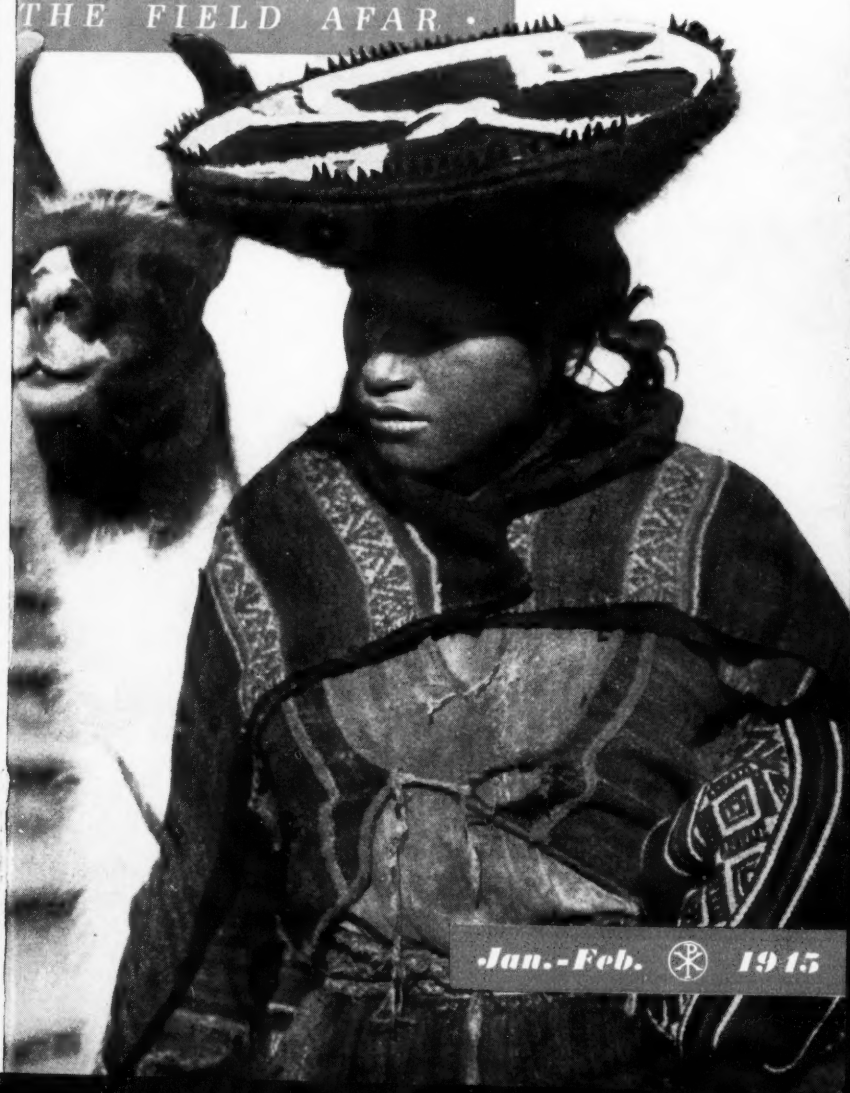


MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



Jan.-Feb.  1945



L. to r.: Father Gannon, S.J.; Dr. Kung; Bishop McIntyre; Bishop O'Shea, M.M.

CONFUCIUS COMES TO FORDHAM

CONFUCIUS died almost 2500 years ago, but came to Fordham on September 17, 1944, in the person of his 75th lineal descendant, Dr. H. H. Kung, Vice-President of the Executive Yuan of China. The distinguished scion of China's great teacher received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Fordham's president, Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J.

In his speech of acceptance Dr. Kung reviewed the educational as well as religious contribution made by missionaries in China. "The messengers of God," Dr. Kung said, "fittingly served as the car-

riers of culture. Through the evangelical activities and scientific and literary pursuits of the Christian missionaries, the East and West were brought to each other, and humanity moved closer to the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood."

At the time of Pearl Harbor, 9000 priests, Brothers, and Sisters of many nationalities labored in China, striving to achieve the Confucian ideal that "within the four seas, all men are brothers," by teaching the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man in our divine Brother, Jesus Christ.

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, part of the Church's world-wide effort and Christ to serve all men in body and soul.

THIS MONTH Father James Smith, from his post in Kunming, writes of a beautiful character refined in the crucible of South China's war. In **Silver Lining** — Page 2 — he describes the conversion and last days of a frail, determined, little lady named



Father Lavery

Theresa. ¶ West of the Mississippi there is a group of relocation camps for Japanese and Japanese Americans. In **Ten-Thousand-Mile Parish** — Page 6 — Father Lavery runs a brief sightseeing tour through all of them. ¶ **Jungle Troubadour** — Page 9 — is the story of Father Thomas Collins and his eloquent harmonica. ¶ Father George Krock, whose **At Your Ease in Heaven** appears on Page 11, has just returned from China. ¶ The healthy respect that Middle

American residents have for flying and crawling "varmints" is born of a salutary fear.

Look Out for Scorpions — Page 18 — by Father John Nolan is a lesson on how to live in the tropics. ¶ In answer to the frequent query, "How are your South China missionaries faring?", Father Thomas Kiernan has written **Geth-**

semane on the Missions — Page 32. ¶ Sister-Doctor Mary Mercy is well known on two continents. **Through Mud to Stars** — Page 36 — gives a résumé of her experiences as a missionary and a physician in Korea and in Bolivia.

¶ Wilkie Gordon tells how Pedro reclaims tough, knife-chucking Alfredo, bad boy of Chica, in **Pedro Takes a**

Turnip — Page 26. ¶ In **World Christianity** — Page

40 — Peter Cosmon continues to sound the alert for the world apostolate.



Father Kiernan

Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XXXIX, No. 1, Jan.-Feb., 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1945. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.



Silver Lining

by JAMES F. SMITH

Brave Theresa, frail and determined, bears out the old Chinese proverb: "When winter comes, then you can tell the evergreens"

IT WAS difficult for us to find the "silver lining," in the days when the Japanese first invaded our district. Thousands of heartbroken refugees poured into our compound where they could be safe from the soldiers and looters. Some complained bitterly of their losses; others made plans for an escape into Free China.

But there was one among them to whom

this meant nothing. Two years before, she had been a beautiful and talented young girl with a future of happiness before her. Then came a sickness that left her body bent like an old woman's and her lungs shot through with consumption. She was completely indifferent as to whether the Japanese killed her or not. But to please her parents, she consented to move into the mission with the rest of the family.

Second Spring

AT THE mission, teeming with restless, disgruntled and frightened people, this young girl found a new interest in life:



Reared in the fury of warfare, China's childhood has yet to know enduring peace

★

She was only a wisp of a lady, with the strength of ten men



something that sent new blood coursing through her veins, straightened out her crooked body, and started a song in her heart.

She had always looked upon the foreign missionaries with mistrust because she had been told from childhood that they were her enemies, that every convert they made was a customer lost. This was because her father's store supplied the locality with joss-sticks, firecrackers, and paper idols

for pagan worship. The first thing that impressed her on her arrival at the mission, was the kindness of those foreign people who actually fed her and gave her a nice place to sleep in one of the large rooms, assigned to the women.

The day-long pounding of heavy guns, and the awful stories that poured into the compound with each new arrival, excited the girl and brought on a relapse that almost finished her. Chinese have a fear of sick people, and they insisted that the sick girl be taken out of the room lest she infect the others.

House to Die In

THE SISTERS heard of her trouble and removed her to their convent where they train native girls for the Sisterhood. There they took over the charge of nursing her. This was the climax, for in China a dying person, when not in his own home, is simply not permitted to pass away in another's house. It isn't because the landlords are particularly hardhearted, but because they believe that death will bring bad luck upon their houses. Even hospitals have special huts in which the dying are placed when the end is near.

As she lay ill day after day, she had time to think things out. The two foreign Sisters who gave her the medicines that eased the pains in her chest, sometimes frightened her; but she was completely at home with the little Chinese nuns who slid noiselessly into her room at odd times for a chat. She had many questions to ask them about their life in the convent and the purpose behind it all. What she heard was something new in her experience — this giving oneself for others.

She wanted to know more, and the Sisters gave her books on the Catholic Faith. When she was well enough to get up, she asked permission to attend the



**Old freight cars housed the homeless
Rice— Without it, China meets death**



Mass with the community, and six months after her coming to the mission, she was baptized. She had been a perfect catechumen, had studied hard, and had understood what she studied. The priest who had the privilege of pouring the saving waters on her head had a feeling of deep humility in the presence of sanctity.

She had taken the name of Theresa, the great advocate of "littleness." For the remaining years of her life, she followed as closely as she could in the footsteps of her great patroness. She humbled herself to do the meanest tasks; she placed herself many times in great physical danger; and finally she wore out her frail body in doing good for others. Theresa was greatly disappointed when the Sisters had to refuse her permission to join their community, but she understood the reason.

As next best thing, she asked to be allowed to help in the mission's work for the poor. The refugees had gradually returned to their homes, but they were having a terrible time making ends meet. Practically all business had stopped, and hundreds of families were without support. The mission organized a rice line to care for these people, and the daily attendance averaged two thousand, throughout the whole period of three and a half years before Pearl Harbor.

A Calming Influence

THE DAILY RICE LINE was made difficult by the frenzy of the starving people, who were always afraid that the supplies would run out before their turn came. The priests had little difficulty in handling the men; but the women, who were in the great majority, were another question. Theresa was a great help in this; somehow, people quieted down in her presence. Perhaps she shamed them with her quiet assurance that there would be enough for all.

The Japanese desire to "protect" us was so great that they would not permit us to leave our compound for months on end, and we began to lose contact with our Christians in the outlying districts. But Theresa stepped into the breach. She became our messenger and liaison with our Christians. This was very dangerous work for anyone, particularly a young girl, since every sentry post — and there were many of them — was a potential threat to life and honor. But she continued to carry on this work safely till the end.

We put her immunity down to her physical appearance and the shining purity which was obviously hers.

Once the Japanese claimed to have found some hand grenades in one of the villages. The reprisals were terrific. In this case even the women and children had to suffer, because they were not permitted to leave the village to secure food for themselves. Many of them were our most faithful "customers," and without the little rice we were able to give them they would surely die. Theresa volunteered to take the rice to them, and she just smiled confidently at our arguments against her going. The village was quite a distance from our compound, but she made the trip several times each day with as much food as she could carry. The strain was too much for her, but she wouldn't quit; she outlasted the opposition and kept the people alive until the order petered out. Then she paid a heavy price: she was never able to walk more than a hundred yards again.

The Joss Stick Merchant

THE crowning happiness of Theresa's life came after Pearl Harbor. The priests and Sisters were put out of their compound and sent into concentration. Invading troops took over the mission houses and turned the church into a stable for horses.

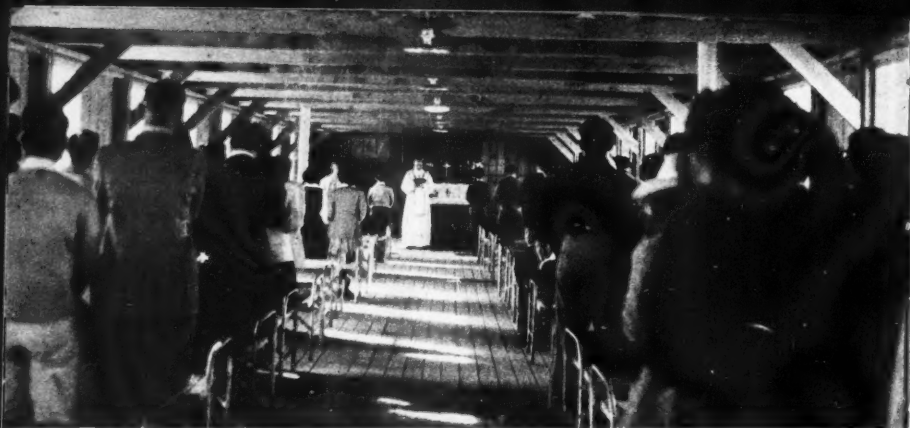
One priest was left to care for the Christians, but he had no church and no means of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. This was a great blow to Theresa, since she had reached that state of saintliness when Holy Communion meant more to her than life itself. But God is good, and He helped her to persuade her father — the seller of joss — to turn over half of his house as a chapel for the Christians.

The old man never regretted that decision although he often had bad moments as he watched the Catholics slip secretly into his house: his mind was torn between his fear of the Japanese and the penalty they imposed on all unauthorized meetings, and the wishes of his daughter, whose last days could thus be made happy ones.

Her Last Duty

AND they were happy days for Theresa. She could no longer go out among the people, but she realized that going wouldn't help them, because all the mission stores had been confiscated. What she could do was to spend most of her time before the little niche in the wall where reposed her Lord and Master, cleverly concealed from prying eyes, yet ready at all hours to be carried to the dying. Her last duty in life was to guard this sanctuary; she was the priestess in the Temple of God, and it gladdened her heart to know that for a time at least she could repay His goodness by taking Him into her house and keeping Him safe from harm.

It is reported that sixty per cent of all the people in our district have died from starvation and disease. Perhaps some of the Christians are alive; but in any case, when we do go back to begin again, Theresa will not be there. She died quietly at her post one night. But her spirit will be there; it will be something to help us in the hard days to come.



Fr. Steinbach's pine-board chapel is devotional despite its bedspring pews

Ten-Thousand-Mile Parish

by HUGH LAVERY

When the Japanese Americans went into protective custody in isolated sections of the country, their parish priests followed them

AT THE time of the dedication of the new church and other buildings in Los Angeles, in 1940, about 3500 Japanese were closely related to our work. Even though only twenty per cent of them were Catholic, contact through the school, the home, and the hospital brought them towards Maryknoll.

With the coming of the war, all Japanese were obliged to leave the Coast. Bewildered and confused because of their situation, 26,500 here in Los Angeles asked us for advice and assistance — one quarter of the total number in the area. They were obliged to go into military centers for protective custody in ten different camps. At that time, the Los Angeles parish suddenly expanded into a parish that

extended well over ten thousand miles.

Having known so many of these people for years, it was my duty to help them, regardless of creed or political opinions. At a later date, Maryknoll assigned other priests, and the camps, listed below, became individual parishes. All except one were tended by Maryknollers.

Manzanar, California . . . The first isolated barracks village constructed, and the nearest to Los Angeles, was Manzanar. It was constructed in a vast, isolated desert between two mountain ranges. On my first visit, I found very many Maryknoll friends under the direction of Father Leo Steinbach, assisted by two Maryknoll Japanese Sisters who volunteered to stay with the people. Manzanar contained the largest percentage of Catholic people of all the camps. From among the young people there have come many vocations both to the Sisters and to the Fathers. There have been more conversions to the Catholic Faith here than in, any other center.

Poston, Arizona . . . In order to reach Poston from Los Angeles, I traveled three hundred miles through the desert. During the summer the heat is intense. At Poston, I was greeted by my good friend, Mr. Murakami, whose car I used to travel. When I asked him where he lived, he replied in Japanese, "Jigoku-no-san-cho-me." Translated, it means "Third Street in Hell." At that time, the temperature was one hundred and twenty degrees.

Father Clement Boesflug, Brother Paul, and two Maryknoll Sisters here gave their time to the three camps which are located in the vicinity of Poston. In addition to the camp activities, Father Boesflug also has services for the soldiers, Italian prisoners, and the Indians at three outlying missions. Poston is famous for its "Arizona fog" — a sand storm that blasts the paint off an automobile and chews the surface out of a windshield.

Tule Lake, California . . . Upon arriving one Saturday night, I surprised Father Hunt on his way to hear the confessions of the soldiers stationed here. He held his

first Mass every Sunday for the segregated Japanese and a second for the soldiers. In the camp, he is highly thought of as the children's friend.

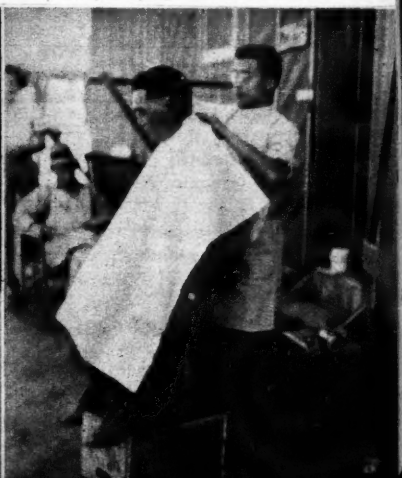
Rohwer, Arkansas . . . It was a strange experience to know that after my arrival at Rohwer, Father Ryan, for whom I had been searching during the entire day, was sitting in the room next to me all the time. Rohwer is a remote, little known section of southeastern Arkansas. Father Ryan has no permanent abode and his only home is where he can hang his hat. He is in camp every day and devotes his entire time to the welfare of the people. Half of his congregation on Sunday are non-Catholics. His second Mass every Sunday is for German prisoners in a near-by center.

Rivers, Arizona . . . On land borrowed from the Pima Indians, is the Gila Camp. Like most of the centers, it looks like a cross between a military camp and an Oriental town. The rows of regulation barracks found in all these centers reveal curtains, home-made awnings, an odd assortment of ingenious cooling systems, and

School and sports keep children happy



No relaxing in these barber chair



diversified porches on all sides of the buildings. The barracks have red tar-papered roofs and white walls made of plaster-board. From the distance, they give the impression of California bungalows with red tile roofs.

There are two chapels in two different camps here, several miles apart, and the priest lives with a Franciscan Father at the nearby Indian mission. In the latter, every individual is an Indian except the priest and Sisters; while in the relocation center, all faces are Oriental except those of the Caucasian personnel.

Amache, Colorado . . . Getting off the train at Holly, five miles from the eastern border of Colorado, I met Father Swift who devotes all his energy to the care of the Japanese at the Amache camp near by. He has quite a few catechumens and several hundred Maryknoll friends in the camp.

Topaz, Utah . . . This camp has for its chaplain Father Stoecke, S.V.D. Nearly all the people of Topaz came from San Francisco. Father accompanied them because he was in charge of the Japanese on Octavia Street for many years. Father Stoecke's duties at Topaz were the same as those of all the Maryknollers at the different camps — giving the internees spiritual aid and looking after their interests.

Heart Mountain, Wyoming . . . This location is in a vast tract of waste land in northwestern Wyoming. Father Petipren of Maryknoll, the priest in charge, lives with the pastor of the adjacent parish in Powell, Wyoming, twelve miles away.

There are a great many Maryknoll acquaintances from Los Angeles at this camp because all of the people are from southern California.

Hunt, Idaho . . . The folks at this camp all come from Seattle. I knew many, of course, because for five years I had worked among them in the Northwest. Except for Manzanar, there are more Catholics here than at any other center. This is due to the marvelous work and zeal of Father Leo Tibesar. He has had many converts and is one of the most respected men in the whole camp. His two Masses on Sunday are crowded with non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

During a period of almost three years, my visits to all these centers have been repeated frequently.

The trials of the people have brought them nearer to the Faith. Soon, I expect, there will be a great many more conversions among the Japanese Americans than ever before.

Technician Kobayashi calls on Seattle friend, Brother Charles, and Father Malone (right)



Jungle Troubadour

by **FREDERICK WALKER**

THE DENSE GREEN JUNGLE of northern Bolivia has echoed to many different sounds in its long dark history: humming of millions of insects in unending symphony, the splashing of alligators, the chattering of monkeys, the squawking of strange birds, and the howls of wild animals in search of prey. In years not long past, were heard whooping of savage Indians and the rhythmic talking beat of their signal drums.

But in these days, a new sound has joined the endless jungle symphony: the sound of a tinny, poorly played harmonica accompanied by the more musical laugh of a happy American Padre from San Francisco, Father Tom Collins. Father Tom is the traveling-troubadour of the Bolivian jungle. His repertoire goes all the way from "The Sidewalks of New York" to "The Old Mill Stream."

Sometimes the *chicos* know he is coming



Father Thomas Collins — His tinny harmonica stirs the Bolivian jungle

As he nears the village, he begins his entrance song, and his tunes sound above the voices of the marketers



by the strains floating across the river from the approaching river launch. Father Tom waits until the launch docks, and then he swings into an Iqish breakdown, and all the kids come running. For the Padre has method in his music: the first kid down carries the Mass kit, the second his sleeping bag, the third his duffle bag; and so the white-cassocked Padre, with his round face beaming, is convoyed into town in glory.

Padre Collins has had to forego many little luxuries in his missionary career. His face is not ruddy as it used to be in San Francisco, but yellowed from the daily doses of atabrine. He must always sleep under a mosquito net. He must always have a gun by his side because the jungle animals don't know the Fifth Commandment. He must be careful of the dangerous insects that are so numerous in this insects' paradise. When he bathes

And he makes many children happy



he must pick a spot the alligators won't pick — and it must be also a spot where tiny flesh-eating pirbanas don't play. His diet is restricted to the monotonous fare of rice and dried meat. He has to stand the terrific heats of the jungle day. And so, all day long, he sweats and works. But with all this, he is teaching the natives about God and goodness.

Jungle Lullaby

AND in the evenings, when he sits down to rest with all the children around him, he plays many songs on his tinny harmonica, and he makes many children happy. He sings for them, too, and tells them stories about the saints and about little devils — real ones and imaginary ones. Then he says good night and in the morning the children are sad as they come down to the dock to see him go. But he jokes and plays funny songs till the children laugh again with lumps in their throats. He has caught them in the bonds of his melody and will keep them always.

And then Padre Tom goes on down the Bolivian rivers, past the solid green walls of the jungles, playing his harmonica. Sometimes a huge, wildly painted savage comes out to the river bank to see the launch; or a tiger sniffs contemptuously toward the music and turns disdainfully back to the jungle; or the tune stops suddenly, as the Padre sees the gaping jaws of an alligator. And when he is tired of playing — which is seldom — the Padre goes into a reverie, or says his Rosary. But as he nears the next village he begins his musical entrance song. And again the sound of the harmonica joins the jungle symphony of sounds, and is joined in turn by the shouts and laughter of children and the beat of bare feet on the green jungle carpet.

At Your Ease in Heaven

by GEORGE KROCK

BACK in the 1920's a series of travel books were published: — "So You're Going to Paris," "So You're Going to London." In 1940, I believe, appeared a book called "At Your Ease in the Catholic Church." It amazes me that nobody has written a book called "At Your Ease in Heaven." Is it not strange that my title has been missed? On second thought, I can't call it my title because I can't write about a place which I have never seen. I don't know whom we will get to write the book, but *somebody* ought to!

Now if you are thinking about going to heaven, it might be a good idea to look ahead.

Travelers know that a little mental preparation always makes them more capable of enjoying their destination.

Just what sort of place is heaven? Never having been there, I know only this: it is a rather grand place. The government is benign, crime is unknown, people are friendly, and the climate is wonderful. There is something in the air that keeps you young. While there are grades of nobility, still it is an astounding democracy, which Chesterton called "The Democracy of the Dead."

The lack of social ambition is as evident as the presence of poor boys who made good. It is a Utopia, where all have infinite leisure to enjoy intellectual pursuits. All of the "Early Settlers" were Orientals.

The environment is really something *different*, and if any of our earthly backgrounds persist there, they will be those carried there by the "First Family," which was Jewish.

What are their interests? Certainly,



after the normal occupations of their own happy realm, they must have an abiding interest in that part of the Mystical Body politic waiting in the earthly "Ellis Island." It is of grave concern to the heavenly citizens, that as many as possible of the great mass of heathens now living uneasy and mundane lives in paganism find their ease at last: their life, liberty and happiness in God's Country.

Your work for the missions is a share in that great interest. It will give you celestial poise; it will give you contact with the saints, and will put you at your ease in heaven.

Friends in the Service



Private Joseph Smith



Technician James Tarpey

Tremendous Job

T/5 JAMES V. TARPEY of Indianapolis, Indiana, writes: "Being with the Army here in India makes me realize what a tremendous job missionary work is, and I hope to be able to do more to help. . . If I ever get to China, I am going to visit some of the Maryknoll establishments."

As a boy, Jim lived in the parish of Father John F. McShane, whose brother, Father Daniel McShane, was a Maryknoll missionary. Father Daniel went to China, where he sacrificed his life in caring for orphans. So Jim's interest in missionary work dates back to Father Daniel's visits to his brother's parish.

What's In a Name?

WHEN Michael Tokunaga of Hawaii became a Catholic, he had a hard time deciding on his Baptismal name. After some delay, he chose "Michael." Brother Philip, now in our San Francisco house but then stationed in Honolulu, was curious to know what influenced the convert to adopt the name of the Archangel.

Michael explained: "Doesn't this name mean, 'Who is like to God?' I always want to think of the great goodness of God shown to me by His giving me the Faith. And Michael fought against the spirit of evil, and so will I."

Michael is now in Italy, a platoon sergeant in the 100th Infantry.

Looking Ahead

THE pharmacist mates of this war have made an enviable record, even at times performing emergency operations. They have the spirit and training that should be useful in a missioner. It is not surprising then, that Pharmacist Mate 1st Class, Patrick J. McLaughlin, now in the Southwest Pacific area, is looking ahead to postwar days and hoping to go back to the mission fields

to carry on the splendid work he has seen brought to a standstill by the war. Patrick's pharmacist training will be invaluable when the time comes for him to open a dispensary in some needy corner of the mission field. Special class arrangements will be made at Maryknoll for him and any other servicemen desirous of studying for the work of the foreign missions.

"Show Your Power"

WE ARE REJOICING with Mrs. Agnes E. Buckley, of Asbury Park, New Jersey, on the safe return of her son, Lieutenant John, after he had been reported missing. "I am grateful to Almighty God and His Blessed Mother for the safe return of my son," she writes. "He arrived home the last week of September and looks wonderful. His greeting to me was, 'Mom, I'm here on account of the prayers that were said for me!'"

Lieutenant John's plane was damaged over enemy territory. Several of the crew were wounded, and among them was John, who got a few pieces of flak in the head. They managed to keep in the air until they reached Yugoslavia.

"I bailed out backwards," the Lieutenant went on, "and called on Saint Therese, for she's my pal: 'Little Flower, in this hour show your power.' The jump was perfect. And here I am, back in Jersey. It's wonderful!"

The Lady Sniper

MARGARET SMITH, one of the young ladies who helps in the building where **THE FIELD AFAR** is sent to you, tells us of her brother, Joseph, who soldiered for three years in Dutch Guiana. He spent an eleven-day furlough at home and was sent, after that, to the European front.

In Europe he was wounded twice, and twice went back into action. His first was a shrapnel wound from a near-by bomb. The same explosion, he said, knocked a German sniper out of a tree — and probably saved his life. Private Joseph found out later that the sniper was a woman.

He didn't say whether he tipped his hat, or not.



Pharmacist McLaughlin



Lieutenant John Buckley

Sergeant Michael Tokunaga





bishop Cushing became known and loved in every mission field of the globe

Missions Move to Lake Street

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

IN NOVEMBER, 1944, amid an affectionate enthusiasm of most extraordinary intensity, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing was installed in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross as leader and ruler of the Archdiocese of Boston. Each one present at the deeply moving ceremony had his own thoughts but, oddly enough, as I left the great gray edifice mine wandered to a spot on Union Park Street across the way. It was Maryknoll's most unique connection

with the new Archbishop of Boston.

In March, 1903, a Boston priest climbed the stairs at 62 Union Park Street and took possession of a cluttered office room which contained a statue of Saint Francis Xavier and a globe of the world. Across the street was the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The priest was Father James Anthony Walsh and the office was headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Boston Archdiocese.

Father Walsh remained eight years the leader of Boston's vigorous mission givers and in 1911 left his native hearth to found Maryknoll. He was succeeded by Monsignor McGlinchey who served the missions zealously and who in turn was succeeded by a powerfully built priest with a voice like heavy artillery, who shortly after became Auxiliary to Cardinal O'Connell—His Excellency Bishop Cushing.

The office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was now at 49 Franklin Street and because he was there so constantly and from his desk there served so many interests so well, Boston's Auxiliary became known and loved in every mission field of the globe.

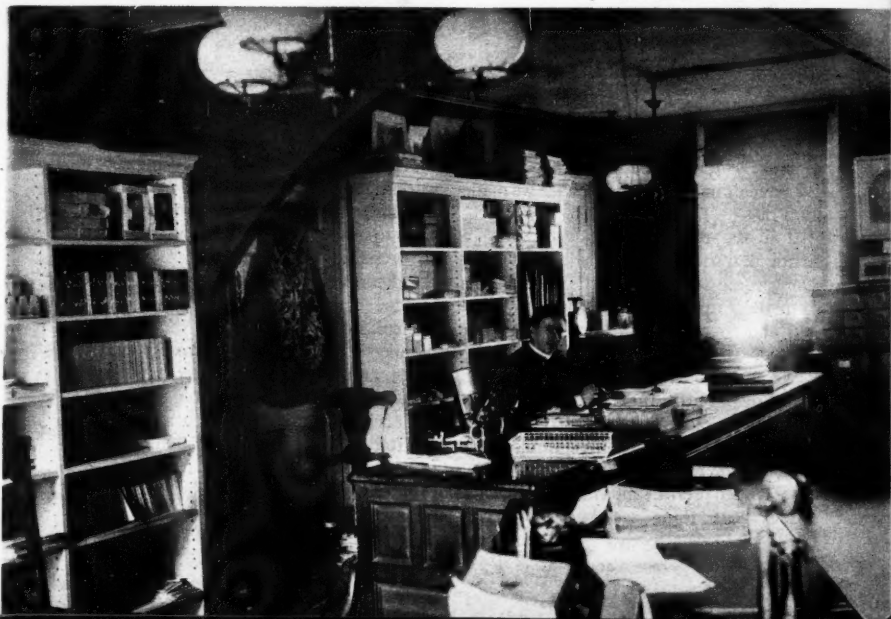
As he himself has explained, the missions will remain an integral part of his life. He has transferred the center of his activities from Franklin Street to the

Archbishop's Office on Lake Street. Father Peter McDonough is to succeed him as S.P.F. Director. But the missions will move to Lake Street also, ever a part of the fibre and soul of Boston's Ordinary.

Maryknoll has always felt close to Boston and to the S.P.F. Many of Boston's priests and people nurtured the young Society during its early days. Many a gift from the "Bishop of Franklin Street" went to Maryknoll's South China and Latin America Missions. Without overlooking the royal hospitality which the Society has been accorded in practically every other diocese in the United States, Maryknoll will be permitted, we feel sure, to express a certain special tenderness for Boston and its branch of the S.P.F.

God's choicest blessings on Boston's greatest missionary, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing.

Father James A. Walsh — he took possession of a cluttered office room





Father Lyons finds music makes molding mud bricks easy in Chupaca, Peru

'Dobe Bricks

by FRANCIS X. LYONS

FATHER GARVEY and I are going to have to spend half the evening cleaning our cassocks. But our experience was worth it! We haven't had so much fun since we made mud pies.

It all started after lunch, when we were sitting in a shady spot outside the school. Along came two of the little ragamuffins from the Primary School, one carrying a jug, and the other a musical instrument that looked like an overgrown snail.

We asked for a tune and soon we had a crowd of the little Indian boys.

When the racket had subsided, our little host poured us a drink. We would have drunk poison rather than disappoint them; so we gulped it down and smacked our lips.

The next thing we knew, we had

accepted an invitation to make adobe bricks with the youngsters.

While the music played the gang set to work carrying straw, lugging water, and digging up earth. Soon a dozen of them were up to their ankles in the mud and straw mixture.

Others carried the mud in sacks to the wooden forms, where the actual brick makers stood waiting. The mixture was dumped in the wooden forms, pounded down, and smoothed by eager hands and feet. Then the forms were lifted off, revealing perfectly shaped adobe bricks.

After about an hour we caught the village idiot laughing his head off. So we decided we had enough of brick making, and we gased our way back to the office.

MEN OF *MARYKNOLL*



A Good Provider — I must say that here, with Father Constantine Burns's dairy and apiary, we fare quite well. In addition, he has a large vegetable garden and an orchard which produces enough fruit for ourselves and others. Some things cannot be obtained or grown, such as coffee and cocoa; but the essential things are available, thanks to Father Burns's foresight and ability. [Since this was written, Wanfau has been occupied by Japanese forces.]

— *Father Robert Winkels,
of St. Paul, Minnesota,
now in Wanfau, Kwangtung, China*

Slingshot Sharpshooters — As he has no parish school to send his boys to, Father James Manning is doing the next best thing. He is matriculating his "gas-house gang" with the Salesian Fathers, some as boarders but most as day students. This school, dedicated to St. John of God, is one of the city's few sizable structures which completely withstood the recent earthquake. If it proves invulnerable also against these slingshot shooters whom Father is sending, it's a wonder!

— *Father Richard J. Smith,
of Collins, New York,
now in Talca, Chile*

Bearded Milk Wagons — As you walk towards the plaza of our town, early on a weekday morning, you will see Mrs. Housewife peering through a half-opened

door, waiting for the milkman. A bell tinkles, and around the corner scampers a herd of goats. With regal disdain, the animals ignore traffic lights, but they conform to regulations by bleating at the corner before taking a left turn. A bellow from the owner, and the bearded milk wagons jam on the brakes and pause at your door. The goats lean against the wall with that "Hurry up!" look on their faces. The goatman gives another bellow, which sounds like the Mayan word for "Scram!" — and away they go.

— *Father George Hogan,
of East Boston, Massachusetts,
now in Central America*

Meeting a Condor — Here is something for the books, and it's a fact even if it seems queer. While we were riding along one of the high points of the journey, a giant condor swooped so low over the party that my horse took fright and bolted up the mountainside. He must have climbed a thousand feet before stopping. Then a queer thing happened. He got *siroche* — or mountain sickness! The contortions which the poor animal went through were pitiable. By that time, of course, I had dismounted. We were up about 18,000 feet, so no one can blame the horse!

— *Father Stephen Foody,
of Bronx, New York,
now in Macusani, Peru*

Look Out for Scorpions!

by JOHN NOLAN

Two thousand years ago Our Lord warned against scorpions. Father Nolan of Astoria, L. I., tells why the warning should be heeded

DOWN here in the Sierras of Central America, we have an enemy. We hold ourselves in salutary fear of him because his battle tactics are violent and venomous, with no friendliness, no compromise, no honor, and no armistice.

He is small in stature, drab in color, and sly in his attack, and he carries a lethal argument at the end of his narrow, segmented, one-inch tail. He lurks in our shoes, our dresser drawers, our beds, or in any unexpected place, and with malice aforethought, drives his stinger into our unsuspecting hides and leaves us to suffer the consequences.

We call him (among other things) *Señor el Alacran* (Mr. Scorpion), and this is what happens after he stings. I think the whole thing can be summed up in five stages.

The Strangle Hold

(1) First comes the sting itself. If you were ever stung by a bee or a big red ant, you have an idea of what the sting feels like. The scorpion sting is just a little sharper. Ten minutes later, the mouth fills with saliva, the tongue and mouth in general begin to get warm, and swallowing gradually becomes impossible. The tem-



perature rises swiftly. This stage lasts about a half hour.

(2) The throat closes almost completely, and a sort of vomiting begins, but nothing comes out of the mouth but saliva. The temperature continues to rise. There are fifteen minutes of this.

(3) This stage is rightly called "*las ansias*," or "the agonies," and is the worst thing imaginable. Temperature is at its peak. The body is one mass of pain. You know how it is if, when you are sitting on a chair, your feet go to sleep, and then you get up and try to walk? Pins and needles! That's how it is in this stage, but these pins and needles are longer and more pointed and reach every part of the body, even the teeth. Speaking is impossible, and a semi-blindness takes place. The mouth is forced open by some unknown force, is hot, and is filled with saliva. Breathing becomes most difficult. When some saliva is swallowed, breathing is checked completely, and a queer pain shoots through the body. The entire body at this stage

writhes in pain, and no position it seeks is comfortable. Every exhalation is a moan that cannot be held in. Eyes seem to pop from their sockets, and the whites become yellow. This stage is by far the most difficult and may last from three hours to fifty hours!

(4) At this stage, moans cease and what were formerly large pins and needles now become just ordinary pins and needles. Vomiting continues but, as before, nothing is forthcoming. There are two hours of this.

(5) At this last stage, the fever drops, and a hot liquid may be taken. To swallow food or a cold liquid is impossible. The pins-and-needles feeling goes to the extremities of hands and feet and tongue. The body is left with weakness and overall fatigue. This goes on for about twelve hours.

Death Is a Picnic

IT IS strange that, during the whole process, the mind isn't affected one bit. The person bitten can think just as clearly as if he had never met one of the scorpion family. Hearing isn't impaired at all. The pain, nausea, and gasping for breath are what make death seem like a picnic. You see, I know very well, because a little scorpion visited me yesterday morning at 1:45 A.M. He sneaked into my cot some way or other, and left the usual calling card, while I was asleep.

Never having had any such direct contact with our poisoned-tailed friends before, I awoke thinking I had been bitten by a red ant. I tried to go back to sleep but wasn't too successful, so I picked up the flashlight and began the hunt for the "red ant." Instead of finding a red ant, I saw the scorpion near my head inside the mosquito net. My friend had given me "the works" behind the ear and then thought

he could sneak off with no more ado. How he got in, I don't know; he never got out alive.

After Father Thomas O'Rourke, my neighbor, gave me two injections, he went to the village square, where a little party was going on, and got one of the men to come and kill the scorpion. They (the scorpions) are pretty fast on the draw, and a person inexperienced at killing them may easily get stung. The man who came to help us out in the matter had been given a shot in the arm by me three days previously for the same purpose.

We have on hand three kinds of injections for scorpion sting. What they do, we don't know; perhaps they just guarantee life. They certainly don't take away an iota of pain. I went through stages 1 to 5 like everyone else; but of all cases I know, I pulled through faster than any. From two to seven o'clock in the morning, I wasn't in social condition to receive visitors, but really those five hours were the only ones that were tough. After that, 'twas just a matter of waiting for a few inconveniences to pass off. Right now, I can drink cold water, there are only a few pins and needles at the tips of the fingers, and my left ear feels frostbitten. A hasty conclusion from the business would be this: anyone who runs a chamber of horrors and hasn't a scorpion in the collection isn't a connoisseur.

Unique Distinction

I AM now, I think, distinguished in this respect: I am the first ordained Maryknoller to be stung by a scorpion. Father Cotta was stung by one in Madagascar, around the year 1900, but he was ordained a long time before joining Maryknoll. This unique distinction, for my part, can end here. I shouldn't like to be the first Maryknoller to be stung twice!

Pivot of History

IF WE could come to you, leading these Chinese war orphans, and could let you see for yourself that they are hungry, there would be no need to urge you to spare a dollar to buy them food. For you are kind.

If we came without them — if we had for you only such a picture as this — if we said their minds were hungry, as well as their bodies — if we asked the dollar to put and keep them in our mission school — you would still spare it, for you would believe our word.

But no Maryknoll missionary will come to you: you are too many, and we are too few; there is not time. We can only send this magazine page.

Will you help, anyway?

These children will be China's leaders, a few years from now. War has closed most Chinese schools; few of the present gener-

ation can get an education: those who do will wield enormous influence, for China has always bowed to learning.

If these youngsters and others like them are sheltered and fed and trained by Maryknoll missionaries, they will grow up as friends; powerful friends in years to come for our Country, our Church, our God.

If we neglect them — be assured the International Communists will not!

And so there is a chance that the dollar in your purse may be a pivot of history. Given, it will help to turn events one way; not given, it will allow them to swing the other way. From the acorn, grows the oak; from your present kindness to some Chinese boy or girl, may come international friendship.

Contributions should be addressed to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Some of China's orphans: If we lose them the Communists will win them.





"The above snap of Father Cosgrove came from Tom Harmon (left center) whom we mistook for Gen. Chennault



An Ill Wind —

VERY OFTEN — to our red-faced embarrassment — we open the first-run copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* and discover that a mistake or two has slipped through our careless fingers. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and our last error produced some delightful repercussions.

In November we ran a picture of Father Cosgrove with (as we thought) General

Chennault. Within a few days we had a letter to the effect that this was *not* General Chennault; it was "yours truly."

The letter was from the famous athlete-aviator, Tom Harmon. Tom wrote: "A week ago, my mother sent me your magazine for November. On Page 4 I saw a picture of Father Joe Cosgrove and some of the members of my squadron in China. Reading under the paragraph, I saw where I had been called General Chennault. Mind you, Fathers, it isn't that I don't appreciate the honor, but the picture happened to be me. It was taken the day that I returned from enemy territory."

"I have written a book about my experiences in war. The title is *PILOTS ALSO PRAY*. The story carries a great deal about Father Joe Cosgrove. I wish that I could find words to express the feeling of the men of the squadron for him and his work."

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Calling All Men

EPIPHANY. Star in the East. Call to the nations. Gifts to the King. Appearance of God on the human scene that had become a wilderness without Him. Not only a new year, but a new dispensation and new universe. From His first coming into the world, Christ wanted souls. His mission was keyed from His very birth by the song the angels sang to the humble shepherds: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord..." (Luke 2:10-11.)

He came for the salvation of all the people. And to show what He meant by all the people, He almost immediately called the Gentiles — sent a star to call them in the persons of the Magi, who had not been privileged to belong to the ranks of the Chosen People and thus represented the vast, variegated immensity of the whole motley human race in all its deep misery and potential glory. He made no distinction except that He was done with distinctions; He emphasized only the fact that He came to save every one of them — cream and flower, ragtag and bobtail, dregs and scum, any and all. They could be of any race or condition or color, of every shade of belief or unbelief, of cultivated civilization or savage manners, inside the fold or outside the fold; it was to make no difference, for they were all God's children and all were to be included

in His invitation. He laid down this all-embracing principle to govern His campaign for souls from His cradle.

The Son of God expressed the same eagerness for the souls of all men in every act of His adorable life that culminated in the supreme sacrifice of the Cross, and He continued to express it in the apostolic life of His Church down through all the ages to the present day. He remains eager for souls, and indeed He was never more so than now, when the bewildered people of the world need Him more pitifully than ever before. Men always need Christ and will need Him to the end of the world; but for those without Him in these tragic times, it is already the end of the world. "Come to me, all you that labor . . . and I will refresh you." (Matthew 11:28). The whole of humanity labors today — and also suffers in a fell nightmare of conflict and pain and sorrow, while He stands waiting and eager to give them His blessed peace.

It must be a serious responsibility to share the ministry of Christ at this crucial time. To be a missionary at all must mean to be a good one. It means to represent the cause of Christ worthily, to perform His work well, to live for Him, perchance even to die for Him when the whole human race is dying without Him. By the mercy of God, the missionaries of the Church will give their best in this crisis. For only their best is good enough for God, and only their very best is good

enough for the needy souls of His dying, desperate men.

Trouble Men

A PASSING VISITOR to a Maryknoll outpost in China was privileged to witness with his own eyes the actual operation of a mission on the field. After noting the halt, the lame, and the blind — to which may be added the sorrowful, the doubtful, the sick, the hungry, and the litigious — who streamed through the gates of the mission compound all day long, he formed his own first-hand viewpoint on the character of the work.

"Mission work," he observed, "seems to consist in people getting into trouble, and Padres getting them out."

There have been worse definitions of the work begun by Him who outlined the needs of humanity in the Sermon on the Mount. And now that the people of the whole globe have got themselves into every kind of deep trouble, let us have plenty of Padres to get them out.

Into the Deep

THE CONVERSION of Saint Paul reminds us that the great apostle saw an open door for the Church in his day and took advantage of it. He lived at a time of world ferment comparable to our own. The Roman Empire was showing its first signs of breaking up, and the minds of the people were restive and unquiet; disillusioned by the past, dissatisfied with the present, and disheartened about the

future. In that age of insecurity and uncertainty, men were questing and seeking what they always seek: a better way of life.

Saint Paul read these signs as opening the door to the best of all ways of life, and he set about to bring the fullness of Christ to the empty hearts that were consciously and unconsciously prepared to receive it. He knew, of course, that the

existing order of hide-bound prejudice and diehard self-interest would not yield the field without a struggle, and he counted on opposition. "For a great door and evident is opened unto

me: and many adversaries." (*I Corinthians 16:9*). But he foresaw the conquering march of the Church as the answer to the need of humanity, and he plunged headlong into the struggle. He dared, and he succeeded.

The same door is open and evident to-day, when the need of the people is even more extreme, widespread, and undeniable. It is again a time for those high adventures of faith and charity that will make a bold bid to win the heart of the world to Christ.

* * *

"Seeing the crowds, He was moved with compassion for them, because they were bewildered and dejected, like sheep without a shepherd. Then He said to His disciples, 'The harvest indeed is abundant but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest.'"

MATTHEW 9:36-38

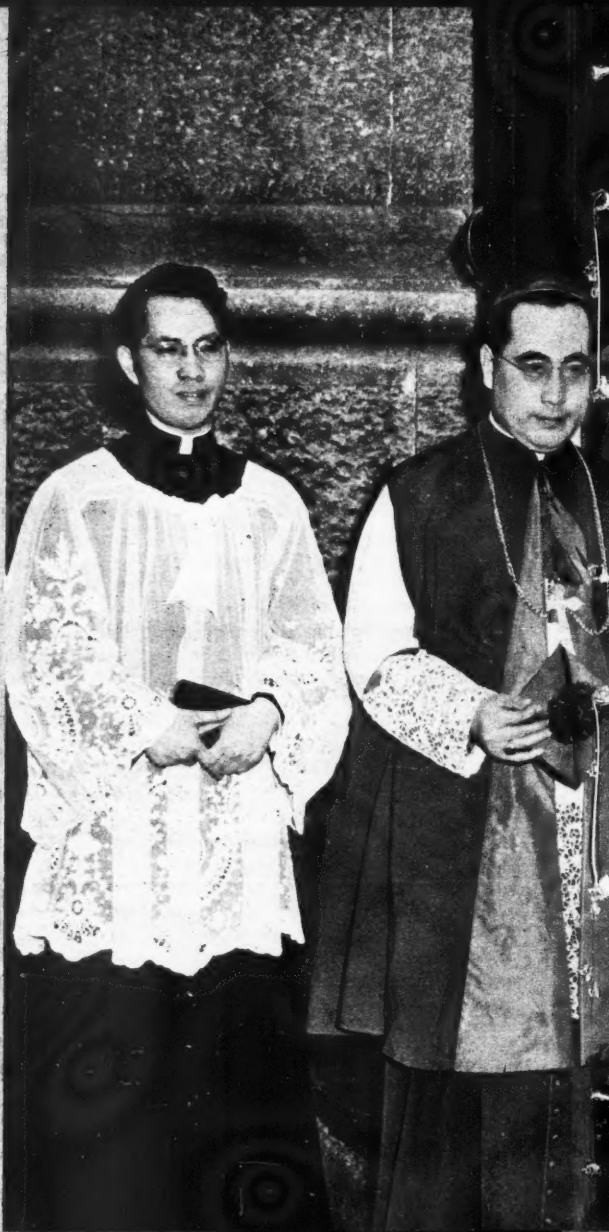


TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

CHINA AND THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL

On the seventh anniversary of China's war, Archbishop Spellman presided at a Mass for China and her afflicted people. *From left to right, first row: Father Mark Tsai, editor of The China Monthly; Bishop Yu-Pin; Archbishop Spellman; Dr. Tsune-chi-Yu, Chinese Consul General in New York; Father John B. Kao, O.F.M. Second row: Bishop O'Gara, C.P.; S. M. Tsao; Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell. Top row: Father Ronald Norris, C.P. and Father Aloysius F. Coogan, editor of Catholic Missions*

Photo courtesy of
The China Monthly





Pedro Takes a Turnip

by WILKIE GORDON

TOMASO WAS TIRED OF THROWING. But the puppy was playful, and each time he carried the stick back, he looked up at his master with an I-want-some-more expression.

The last heave was a long one, and as the dog sped after it in a flurry of dust, another boy appeared on the road. At the sight of the newcomer, the little dog was diverted from his object. Still going at full speed, he turned up the road to bark out a boisterous greeting.

The new boy — his name was Alfredo — snatched a knife out of his ragged jeans, gauged the distance, and hurled the blade. It caught the puppy behind the front leg and bowled him over like a ball of fur. He was twitching and bleeding when the two boys reached there.

"Yah!" said Alfredo. "My knife." He pulled the stained weapon out of the quivering flesh. The puppy licked his hand and then died. Alfredo scowled at his bloody knife.



"What's the big idea?" he growled to Tomaso. "What's the idea of sicking your dog on me?"

"You killed him!" Tomaso cried. "He was only playing, and you killed him."

"Yah! Lookit the little sissy, crying about an old dog."

"I'll tell my mother on you!"

"What do I care about your old mother? She can't hurt me."

"She can, too," Tomaso sobbed. "And I'll tell Pedro, too."

"Yah, Pedro! I'm not afraid of Pedro. I'll give him what I gave the dog. And you, too, you little sissy! Don't you think I can?"

"No, you can't. Pedro will take your knife away from you."

"I can't?" Alfredo grasped the smaller boy's arm and twisted it up behind his back. "Can't I do it?"

"Let go of me!" Tomaso said. "You're breaking my arm. Let go!"

"Can I do it, or can't I do it?" Alfredo was smiling cruelly, and Tomaso bent double with the pain.

"Yes."

His voice was thin and choking. Alfredo released his hold. As the little fellow stood up and rubbed at the aching arm, the bully pushed him in the face and knocked him down beside the dog.

"Yah!" he said, and walked down the road.

Alfredo was big for thirteen, and stronger than many men. When he was about nine, his parents had died and left him alone. Every mother in the village of Chica wanted to take the orphan and rear him with her own children, but somehow, none

ever did. The boy stayed, for a short time, at many homes, but in them all he found a common denomination of restriction and enforced deportment which hit a sour note in his carefree disposition.

"Poor Alfredo!" they all remarked. "The poor, motherless boy."

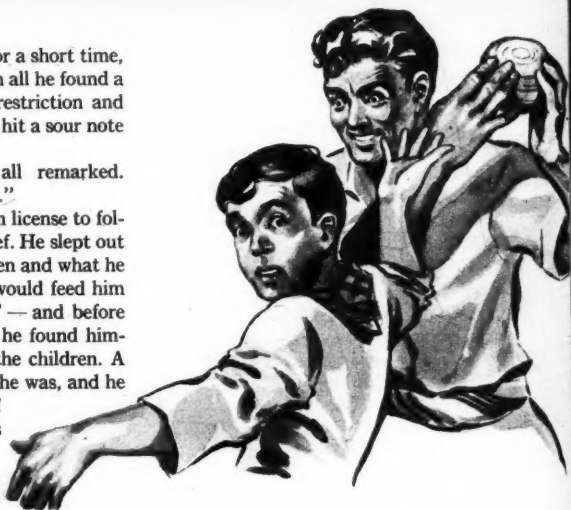
Their sympathy gave him license to follow every whimsical mischief. He slept out when he pleased; he ate when and what he fancied, because anybody would feed him — "poor motherless thing" — and before many months had passed, he found himself a hero in the eyes of the children. A bold, bad, bandit-like hero he was, and he loved it. He'd show them! He'd show these sissy kids how to be tough.

In the village of Chica there was a little old lady who had been blind for many years. "Poor Maria," the people would say. "It is such a pity that the lovely lady cannot see where she is going."

She was a strange lady, because even though she was blind, she was always pleasant. When anyone spoke, she smiled sweetly and cocked her head to one side as if the birds were singing.

And she could tell some beautiful stories. But very few people listened to her because, as a rule, everybody was a little bit afraid. It is not so much fear, as embarrassment: nobody quite knew whether to be sympathetic with her, or just natural.

Frequently, at night, passers-by would hear loud laughter in Maria's cottage, but there would be no lights in the windows. There were a few who thought, at first, that the cottage was haunted. Later they learned that Pedro was a frequent visitor, and that Maria, in her eternal darkness, was unconscious of the setting sun. Pedro didn't mind, and the two friends told wonderful stories to one another.



Tomaso did not go home to supper the night that his dog was killed, because he didn't want to be seen crying like a sissy. He realized that telling his mother would not bring any amount of satisfaction. His mother would say that it was too bad, and, "Poor Alfredo — poor, motherless thing!"

Tomaso did not feel a bit sympathetic towards Alfredo. He was bitter, sad, frustrated, and wished that he was thirty pounds heavier so that he could give the bully a beating.

After dark Tomaso walked by Maria's house. Maria and Pedro were having a grand time. First he could hear Pedro's strong vibrant words, then Maria's, which were high and sweet like a flute.

"Pedro!"

There was a moment of silence, and then the young Indian came to the door. He was a big man; his tall frame and broad shoulders almost filled the door.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Pedro. Tomaso."

"What's the matter, Tomaso? Come in."

Tomaso entered the dark door timidly, and Pedro lighted the oil lamp. As the yellow flame spread over the wick, a head ducked down from the window frame. It was Alfredo.

Alfredo had followed Tomaso for the past hour, and had intended to twist the little fellow's arm again and make him promise not to tell Pedro. Pedro was the only man in Chica he feared.

"What happened, Tomaso? Why aren't you home in bed?"

"My dog got stuck with a knife."

"Where is the dog?"

"He's dead."

"Who did it?"

"Alfredo."

"Why did he do it?"

Tomaso told the whole story. He did not omit that his arm was twisted or that he had been called a sissy. And finally he said that he did not know where Alfredo was then.

"Poor Alfredo!" mourned Maria. "He has no mother."

"I have no dog," said Tomaso.

Pedro explained that it was not quite the same thing, and that there was much to be said by way of explanation for Alfredo's conduct. The speech was pretty well wasted on Tomaso, who still thought that the only answer was in rough treatment with a little casual bloodshed.

"I hate to say this," Maria announced thoughtfully, "but I believe that Alfredo is a bad boy and needs to be taken in hand."

"A heavy hand, Maria?"

"Yes, Pedro. A very heavy hand."

"I know what you mean. Come on, Tomaso. I'll take you home now."

"Pedro," Tomaso asked, "are you going to do anything to Alfredo?"

"I don't know yet."

"You better look out. Pedro. That

Alfredo, he can throw a knife! He can hit a running chicken."

"I'm not a running chicken, Tomaso. Now come on home. Good night, Maria."

"Good night, Pedro and Tomaso."

Maria felt her way over to the lamp to blow it out, and Alfredo looked in through the window again. "Yah!" he muttered quietly, and then he walked away aimlessly.

He took the knife out of his belt and gripped it fiercely. It would be the same thing, he thought: a dog or Pedro. They both die the same way. He dreamed of twisting Pedro's arm.

And Maria said he was a bad boy. He'd show her. That would be easy.

"Who is there?" Maria asked. It was about ten o'clock the next morning, and the village was occupied in its day's work.

"Is someone there?" she repeated.

Alfredo stood stock-still, hardly breathing. He knew that she would come out the door soon. She always walked out the door quickly and surely, because she was so sure of the step. In his hand, Alfredo gripped a big, hard, raw turnip. It wouldn't hurt as much as a rock, but it would teach her to mind her own business.

Maria stepped out into the sunlight and cocked her head to one side, as she always did, and Alfredo raised his arm. The turnip was lifted out of his fist — and he turned to see Pedro looking down at him.

"Is anybody there?" Maria repeated.

"Hello, Maria," Pedro called. "We have come to say good morning."

"Who is your friend, Pedro?"

"Alfredo."

With keen insight of the blind, Maria knew that there was something amiss.

Pedro chatted with Maria for a few minutes. Once Alfredo started to leave, but Pedro motioned for him to sit down.

"Somebody told me you could throw a knife pretty well. Eh, Alfredo?"

"Yah."

"Better than anybody?"

"Yah." And then, raising his head defiantly, "Better than anybody!"

"Okay. Pretty good. I'll make a target, and you show me, huh?"

"Yah. Okay."

Pedro raised a log and cut an X in it with his knife. "You see it all right, Alfredo? Let me see you put the knife right in the middle of the X."

When Pedro stepped aside, Alfredo hurled the knife with the grace and poise of an expert. It flashed through the air and thudded into the soft wood.

"By gosh, that's good."

Alfredo! You can throw a knife, all right."

"I can hit a running chicken."

"Yes, I know," said Pedro. "And a dog, too, maybe?"

Alfredo looked at Pedro quickly and then pointed to the knife. "Yah," he said. "I bet you can't do that."

"Maybe not," Pedro replied. Standing in the spot of Alfredo's performance, he flung his own knife and split the wooden handle that protruded from the log.

Pedro inspected Alfredo's broken weapon. He smiled and said to the boy, "You can have mine."

Maria was fixing dinner in the kitchen. She called to Pedro, who was outside, and told him that she had no more sugar.

"Hey, Alfredo," Pedro said, "you want to go over to my house and get some sugar?"

"Yah," the lad replied, and still inspecting Pedro's knife, he walked down the road.

While he was gone, Pedro told Maria all about it. When he spoke about the turnip, Maria said, "I knew that somebody was there."

The three spent the whole afternoon telling stories that had Alfredo's eyes popping out like a bullfrog's. The fears and the hatreds in his simple mind began to dissolve slowly, and he wanted to stay.

It was evening before Pedro told him of the new plan.

"Would you like to stay here with Maria, Alfredo?" Pedro asked.

He was fingering Alfredo's broken knife as he spoke. It dawned upon the lad, suddenly, that this was the "heavy hand." Alfredo was a boy who could take strong medicine. Further, he

knew that Pedro and Maria were going to have their way.

"But why can't I stay with you?"

"Because Maria needs a big, strong man like you to protect her, Alfredo."

"Will you come over every day?"

"Yes, Alfredo, every day."

"Yah. Okay, I'll stay here."

Little, bereaved Tomaso was not very pleased with Pedro. It was bad enough to lose a dog, without losing faith in one's hero, too. He had stood around Maria's cottage all day in the fond hope of seeing Alfredo come hurtling out any one of the several windows. But that didn't happen, and Tomaso went home with a heavy heart.

Alfredo was never able to figure out how poor, blind Maria could tell when his face was dirty. After a while, the people of Chica began to say: "That Alfredo, he is one fine boy! He'll be a great storyteller some day."





Knoll Notes

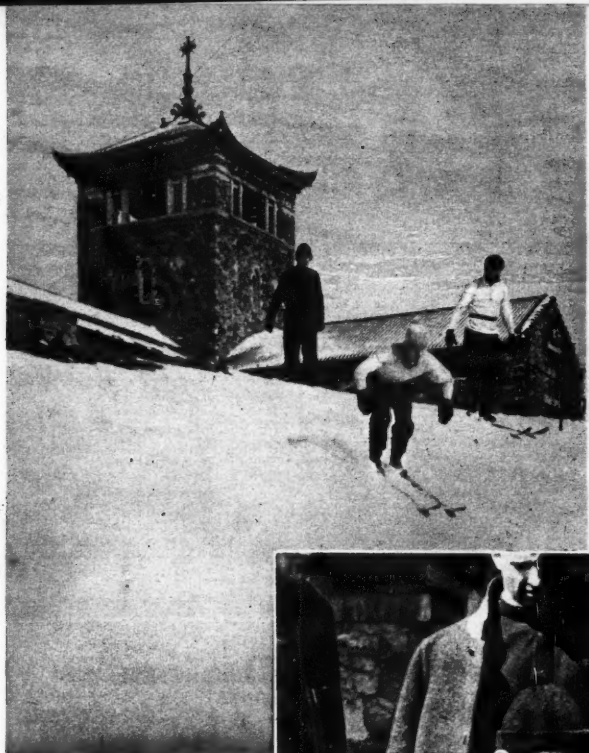
Maryknoll's Queen, in her snow-mantled kiosk, presides over those for whom the Departure Bell (background) tolls



(Left)—Cramped quarters at our Bedford, Massachusetts, Novitiate make ice hockey the favorite among winter sports. We usually come out on the short end of matches with the crack teams of the near-by Marist Fathers' Seminary

(Right)—Father McHugh, noted Dominican theologian and professor of dogmatic theology at Maryknoll for a quarter century, discusses "mid-terms" with Seminarians Bradley and Gibbons





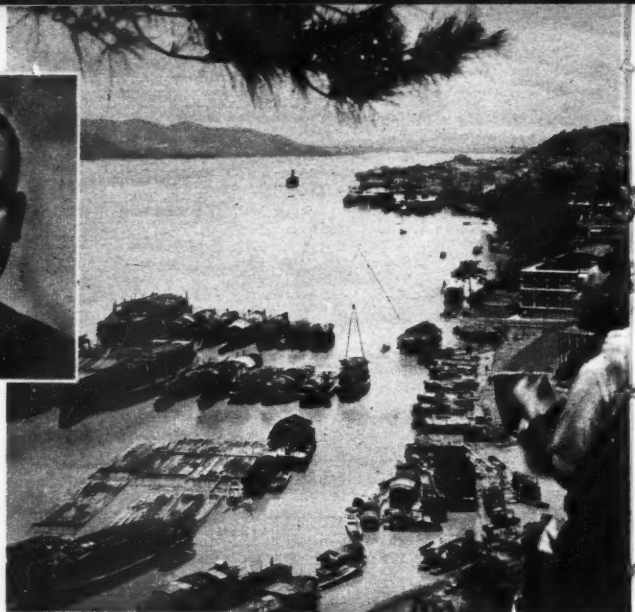
(Left)—On the slopes of tower-crowned Sunset Hill, ski enthusiasts, well padded against eventualities, try to keep their feet. Seminarian Garrity, who hails from Connecticut, is about to execute a *sitzmark*

(Right) — On the first sunny days in January, the checker club is not slow to find a sheltered corner in the Seminary cloister. Beetle-browed chess fans and nimble ping-pongers wait for balmy days for emerging from the warm-as-toast "rec room"





Bishop Donaghy, in good missionary tradition, remained until the last moment at his post in the city of Wuchow



Gethsemane in the Missions

by THOMAS V. KIERNAN

Enemy forces are clawing into the vitals of South China as Wuchow and Kweilin succumb. Maryknoll's Kwangsi Missions lie in the path of the invader

THE life of a missionary is dedicated to the Cross of Christ. "Take up your cross daily and follow Me." Apart from the physical hardship of unfriendly climate, a primitive environment, and little psychological crosses such as adjustments to strange languages and puzzling native mentalities, one of the most frequent causes of premature gray hair is the ever-

present financial worry to which the missionary is heir.

Year by year, the missionary gleans funds from his friends at home to construct his chapels, schools, and other buildings essential to his work. At best they are simple and mostly bare. He builds also a spiritual edifice of the souls of his converts. This is his consolation, his human reward, his pride. Imagine, then, his feelings when war brings his material and spiritual edifices crashing down in ruins before his eyes. This is what is happening in three of Maryknoll's four South China mission fields, and what seriously threatens a fourth.

At present our Kaying Vicariate is isolated, completely surrounded by Japanese armies on four sides. Any day this pocket may be wiped out, and the mission parishes so fondly nourished may be subjected to all the devastation of total conflict. The missionaries there wait and pray — and hope.

Japanese Invasion

THE other South China mission areas — the Vicariates of Kongmoon and Wuchow and the Prefecture of Kweilin — have fared far worse. In recent weeks the names of the most important cities and towns in these regions have made the headlines in the American press. But these news reports have portrayed only a part of the disruption resulting from the Japanese invasion of south-central China. The secular newspapers are mainly concerned with the military aspect of the situation. But what of the missions, which likewise have been engulfed?

The missionaries in these regions have been obliged to retire temporarily from their flocks to avoid capture and imprisonment by the enemy. Such captivity would deprive them absolutely of any opportunity of working for their adopted peo-

ple, while prudent retreat makes it possible for the missionaries to provide at least a minimum of priestly ministry for their orphaned parishes. Yet thousands of Catholics will be deprived of the ordinary religious care of their priests. The scene today in these places resembles that of the days of persecution. Only by stealth and at great risk to their lives can the missionaries attend to the spiritual needs of their flocks.

Added to the trial of enforced retirement, is the problem of caring for thousands of refugees who besiege the missionaries for food, clothing, and shelter. The Red Cross and the United China Relief look to the missionaries to administer the work of assisting refugees. It is an endless task, but the missionaries do not spare themselves. In the midst of their misfortune, God has placed in their hands a means of providing at least something to alleviate the widespread sufferings.

Ghost Town

KWEILIN, the ancient imperial city and the final capital of the Ming Dynasty, the last real Chinese dynasty, was the location of one of America's largest airfields. It is now a ghost town.

Modern Manna

FATHER MARK TENNIEN, of Chungking, forwarded this reassuring letter from Kwangsi:

"Thanks a lot for the money. We received it okay. It was dropped from a plane yesterday. There were three of us priests and all the seminarians out in front of the mission gate, waving furiously and yelling until we were hoarse, as a Mitchell bomber streaked by. The pilot circled overhead twice and then, on the third run, flew at what seemed to be about 200 feet and let a basket of greenbacks go just as he passed over the mission. ¶ The basket landed outside the mission gate. One of the boys retrieved it and brought it in, and we waved a joyful okay to the pilot as he roared over on the final run. This place, called To Pong, saw more excitement yesterday than it's seen since the place was settled centuries ago. ¶ Thanks again for the money. Don't send any more. We have enough now for over a year. We intend to carry on with the seminary and the native Sisters' convent as long as we can. Best to all." — *Father John McLaughlin.*

It was the center of one of Maryknoll's most hopeful missions. Three times in the past few years, the Kweilin mission buildings received direct bomb hits. Thousands of refugees were sustained there by the missionaries. New hope was given them by assisting them to take up anew a fruitful life. But again they are refugees, pouring into the villages of the hinterland, again starving, with only relief agencies between them and a horrible death.

Wuchow, once famed as the "City of No Conversions," but under the cultivation of Maryknoll missionaries known of late years for its vigorous Catholic mission, has fallen to the invader. Those who could, have fled; the mission has twice been destroyed by bombs; Bishop Donaghy, its shepherd, is in hiding. Pingnam, the scene of Father Meyer's amazing apostolate, with its well-developed mission, its training school for native Chinese nuns — what of it? Tanchuk, another

American airbase, only ten miles from Pingnam, was the site of a fine mission, establishment and the seat of the vicariate's junior seminary. But now? Other mission parishes, the spiritual daughters of Pingnam — Taiwan, Sze Wong, and To Pong — have been devoured in the maw of war. The sad litany continues: Yunghui, Jungyun, Watlam, Kweiping, brought to the Faith by so much toil, now in enemy hands.

Blasted Hopes

THE Kongmoon Vicariate, the first Maryknoll Mission—where modern American mission history was first written in lustrous terms—only a few years ago flourishing, progressive — is now a seething caldron of blasted hopes. The seminary, the cathedral, the convent, the chapels, schools, and orphanages, present the panorama of war. Names of towns and cities redolent of the sacrificial lives of



Jungyun's beautiful chapel is now in enemy's hands. Father Mulcahy barely escaped the invaders in time





‘father Dempsey used to buy pork here. He directed an Army rescuing plane to missionaries’ mountain hideout where supplies were dropped

Maryknoll missionaries have taken their places in the list of captured missions: Sunwui, Toishan, Dosing, Loting, Wan-fau, Sunhong, and many others.

How long will the Lord suffer His Church to be so afflicted? The servant is not above the Master. God grant us

patient endurance and courage to sustain this catastrophe. Lord, teach us humility, that we may rebuild Thy House among the ruins when peace has been restored.

“Father, if thou wilt, remove this chalice from me; but yet not my will, but thine be done.” (Luke XXII:42)



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

<i>Persons sick,</i>	<i>1,015</i>	<i>Persons in the services,</i>	<i>900</i>
<i>Persons deceased,</i>	<i>2,190</i>	<i>Other special intentions,</i>	<i>13,798</i>

Through Mud to Stars

by HELEN HAIG

**Sister-Doctor Mary Mercy,
Missioner extraordinary of Maryknoll and "Mistress of Mud,"
is well known on two continents**

AFTER years spent with the ice thaws in northern Korea, Sister Mercy, M.D., now finds that the seasonal downpours along the jungle fringe in Bolivia constitute the mud—thick, slimy, unpoetic mud—in which she seems destined to struggle always, in her search for souls.

Actually, it is the Sister-doctor herself who has created this turbid impression, by her reports of a decade ago on the opening days of the Korean dispensary, and those of more recent date on the medical work in Riberalta.

His Majesty the Mud

"**W**INTER is past," began a letter from Korea, penned thousands of miles across the Pacific, "and spring comes as a blessed relief to our poor people, who have been fighting a hard winter in houses poorly and hurriedly built with any available mud and debris rescued after the flood. Travel



Office hours daily: 9 A.M. to 9 A.M.

by foot or by any other means, during the spring thaw, is a bit slow, and you often find yourself beating the air, balanced on one foot, and looking longingly for a shoe held captive in the good earth's slime.

"Our most urgent call today was to the home of a young man. His poor mother, a catechumen, hurried us along lest her son die without baptism. We found the man in a miserable dark room, about six feet square, typical of homes in this section. There was no furniture; and a few warm quilts, stowed away on a crudely made shelf in one corner of the room, gave

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I will send you, as soon as possible, a U.S. War Bond* or Stamps, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My name _____

My address _____

Zone _____

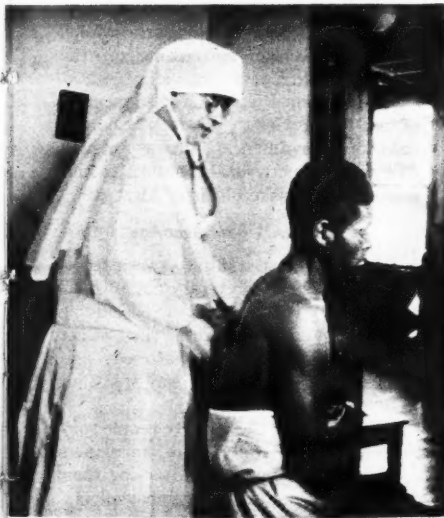
*Bonds for the Maryknoll Sisters should be registered under their legal title: Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. Only Bonds in *Series F and G* may be registered in the name of such a corporation.

the only suggestion of anything like comfort. The man had been well and able to do his work until a few days ago, when he followed the advice of some well-meaning friends to inhale mercury fumes to cure a mild skin infection. Twenty cents' worth of mercury was cheap medication, but it gave the man a serious poisoning.

Grandma Kim Studies

"WE HAD several other calls to make this morning. Grandma Kim is suffering from severe burns received when her clothing caught fire two days ago. When the painful dressings were over, we examined the patient and found that her heart was failing under the strain. We shall have to begin her instructions for baptism today. She has not studied the doctrine, but her children faithfully tell her what they learn about God at Sunday school.

"Breathe deeply and say, 'Cooksoo' "



"In and out a few alleys, slipping here and splashing there, past 'pig tenement,' we turned finally into a path that led to Tin Kuni's house. Tin Kuni is a little friend, seven years old, who was injured at play. She fell on an iron bar and got a deep gash under her chin. The child had a hemorrhage in the dispensary yesterday.

"The 'bamboo wireless' had announced our coming to the neighborhood, so we found four of Tin Kuni's friends with sick babies awaiting our arrival in the yard.

"On our way home, we stopped to see a woman we had visited last week. We found her somewhat better, though still unable to do the cooking. She was grateful that we came, especially as she had a question to ask us; she was anxious about something. So in good Korean fashion, we removed our shoes and went into her house to hear the story. Was this illness of hers a punishment of the devil because she had been studying the Catholic doctrine?

"A short explanation of the nature of temptations removed her anxiety and gave hope for a speedy recovery.

"As we neared the mission, we could see many friends waiting for the dispensary door to open at two o'clock. Prospects seem good for a busy afternoon!"

New Fields of Mud

FOR many years, Sister Mercy continued her apostolate in Korea. In 1940 she was recalled to the United States so that a cure could be found for a serious malady she had contracted in the Orient. The cure was found, but, just about the time passage was secured for her return to the missions, war broke out and sailings were canceled. Some months later, a pioneer band of Maryknoll Sisters was appointed to Riberalta, Bolivia, with Sister Mercy as superior. From that South American mission, she wrote:

"We are in the depths of the rainy season, and by 'depths' I mean an abyss of mud. The natives say it is pure mud, implying, I suppose, that it is all that mud should be!

"Very often we go on sick calls by canoe because the fields are flooded. When traveling this way, the passenger either stands in the canoe, or sits in the water which invariably seeps into the boat. My choice of posture is usually the perpendicular. In the dry season, horses are the popular vehicles of transportation, so you can see that wheels are more-or-less useless in our part of the world.

"In the homes, almost every adult patient leads us to a marriage that needs to be rectified. We find out more each day about what little opportunity these people

Patients consult her on the street



have had to learn their religion. We judge that ninety per cent, or more, have never received their First Holy Communion. The homes are very poor — of bamboo or adobe, with mud floors. They have one or two rooms, with several beds and hammocks, a table, and a chair or two, as the only furnishings, although there is almost always to be found a crucifix or a faded picture of the Blessed Virgin. Pigs, dogs, and chickens are ubiquitous.

"Our dispensary is a busy place every morning. Last week we moved to more spacious quarters — the reception room, and we partitioned it off with a white curtain to insure a minimum of privacy. Dr. Sandelowsky loaned us an examining table, and we have a washstand for medicines. Butter tins come in handy for holding dressings, cotton, and some medicines.

"The mission launch will soon be here and the Bishop has told us that we are scheduled to make a trip to Cavinass soon. This is a large rubber section, and I presume we shall be there for several weeks, teaching catechism and caring for the sick."

It so happened recently that a member of the Public Health Service — Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs — visited Maryknoll directly on her return to this country, and spoke of Sister Mercy.

Good-will Ambassador

"MY FIRST, last, and in-between recollections of Sister Mercy vary not a whit," she said. "I can still see her, plodding through mud, knee-deep, the skirt of her otherwise-white habit splattered and splashed, as she makes her way from hut to hut.

"While helping these needy people spiritually and physically, these missionaries are also, albeit unwittingly, serving their country as its best good-will ambassadors."

LETTERS

"Here's a two-dollar bill that was scheduled to lose itself in Juarez, Mexico, but I decided to change its course and purpose to help the missionaries in South America to take up Spanish lessons!"

— J. T. S., *El Paso, Texas*
* * *

"The enclosed is for my missionary. . . I read everything that I see in print about your wonderful work and the great sacrifices your missionaries are going through. I always remember them in my prayers."

— M. G. H., *New Haven, Conn.*
* * *

"Please receive this offering (\$155 in bills) to your gracious work. You are daily doing a marvelous job."

A HUMBLE AND UNWORTHY SOUL,
Marysville, Calif.
* * *

"Just a line to say I am now in the Army. I wish to be on the record as once being part of Maryknoll. I like to keep up with its happenings. I would like to get all the magazines I missed since my subscription ran out."

— Pvt. C. P., *Royal Oak, Mich.*
* * *

"... I am enclosing a check for \$25 which came to me as a gift from a friend who appreciates the use of my piano while

I help Uncle Sam. I can think of no better place to put it for eternal safekeeping, than with the Maryknoll Fathers, to be used for whatever purpose it is most needed.

"Would you be kind enough to use \$1 of it to send THE FIELD AFAR to my mother, whose twelve children are all in the armed forces."

— Sgt. H. V. C., *Camp McCain, Miss.*
* * *

"At the present time I am stationed in China and am, therefore, supporting the Maryknollers personally and with much pride. In the past when reading the sponsor notes I often sat back and wondered about them. Knowing the way we in America live, the luxuries and what have you that we'll enjoy or rather enjoyed in former years, somehow they all seemed too much like stories one might tell. Believe me, Father, after I had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of the Padres here, you may rest assured that even what you may write of them or tell of them is not near enough."

— C. R. F., *China*
* * *

"While sitting in the day room of our base I happened to see THE FIELD AFAR. Picking it up, I found one of the nicest little magazines I've ever read."

— Pvt. D. T., *Santa Maria, Calif.*

YOUR WILL

WHY trust your wishes to the uncertain memories of others when you can so easily provide for them in your will?

When you make your will, write in a bequest for the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* — Maryknoll's

legal title. If you wish a copy of our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*, just drop a postcard to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND
ALL OF THE LIVING

THE FINEST PHRASE in Wendell Willkie's last book, "An American Program," reads, "Our sovereignty is something to be used, not hoarded." In this every Catholic recognizes a basic principle which we employ as regards our Christian heritage. "The riches of our Faith," we say, "are something to be used, not hoarded."

We have something for time and for eternity, which belongs to all peoples over the planet. Pope Leo XIII, in *Immortale Dei* reminded us that the Church serves men not only as regards heaven but for their lives on earth. "In things temporal," wrote His Holiness, "she is the source of benefits as manifold and great as if the chief end of her existence were to insure the well-being of our earthly life."

All First-Class Citizens

THE CHURCH lays it down as fundamental that there are no first-class and second-class citizens on our planet. All men are created with equal human dignity; each is equally due by the Lord to live comfortably, intelligently, happily, well. We are wrong, therefore, if we take it for granted that the Chinese are to have famines and floods just because they are Chinese; that African jungle dwellers are to go about naked just because they are African jungle dwellers. Difficult to accept though it may seem at first glance, we are all brothers under the skin, real brothers, not step-brothers. We white people of the Western

world are not free to call ourselves *Grade A* and to label these other peoples *Grade B*.

Away With All Handicaps

AFRICAN jungle dwellers, who fifty years ago bought men like hogs and cooked and ate them, today have sons who are Catholic priests who study their theology books quite as do our priests in America. True, generations must pass before the handicaps of the jungle are entirely overcome, but the important lesson for us is that, beneath the differences of Africa and America, lies the common likeness which brands all men. There are high, medium, and low types of men in every race as regards physique, mental capacity, traits of character; and no race can claim a superiority over others in this regard. God has made all men practically alike and, while in His mysterious ways He has given some of us His temporal and spiritual gifts before giving them to others, He intends that all men should have these gifts equally.

As Catholics, then, we believe that the hunger, the disease, the bread lines, the crippling handicaps which we see in our own America should be lifted from all men's shoulders, both by the effort of each of us individually and by the effort of the Church, the state, and other social agencies. We believe, further, that doing good should not stop at our national boundary lines; God did not say, "Thou shalt love only thy fellow-American neighbor as thyself."

We as individuals, our Church, our government, and all other groups among men

should be dedicated to seeing to it that all men receive life's fundamentals: (1) food, clothing, a home; (2) opportunity to earn a living for self and family; (3) enough education to earn a living and to see the meaning and beauty of life; (4) liberty within the law; (5) equality regardless of color, race or creed; (6) freedom to worship God.

Justice Murphy of the Supreme Court, in fighting against the rising tides of race conflict and religious bigotry, makes the following two among several proposals: "First, we can consciously strive to eradicate from our hearts and minds every vestige of racial and religious prejudice and hatred. Let us live the religion we embrace. Let us practice the Americanism we proclaim.

"Secondly, we can call upon our Government to provide full protection of life, liberty, freedom of worship, and civil rights for all our inhabitants, whatever may be their distinctions as to birth, color, nationality, language, race, or religion."



So much for taking care of the American scene. The Catholic urges every person to practice the creed to which he adheres rather than to neglect it, for we recognize that adherence to religious principles, even though false, is better than adherence to no principles at all. It is our fond desire, however, that all Americans come to a knowledge and acceptance of the true Church. We recognize it as a part of our duty as Catholics to assist them to arrive at this knowledge and acceptance.

Far greater than the American scene, then, is the world scene. We are dedicated to World Christianity: the cultivation in children, young folks, and adults, of (1) a knowledge of and regard for the people of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and an appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.

A PROFESSOR WHO REMEMBERED

RECENTLY a professor who taught English literature at Hunter College passed away and her carefully gathered collection of seven hundred volumes on her specialty became the heritage of the Maryknoll Library. We are deeply grateful.

A building contractor in California has sent us thirty volumes on building construction. A gentleman whose father traveled in the South Seas has sent us a par-

ticularly valuable book on that area. We are especially anxious to have such works bearing on mission lands and mission peoples, since we plan that one day our Maryknoll Library shall be very strong in mission books.

If you are a book lover and have a number of books, large or small, please keep in mind the Maryknoll Library. Address: Rev. Walter J. Coleman, M.M., Maryknoll Library, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Mothers of Missioners

by CHARLES F. McCARTHY

THE Bishop of Dijon had a difficult task to perform. As he walked the short distance from his residence to the chateau of the Bretenieres family, he tried to gather strength and courage for facing an ordeal he dreaded.

He found himself rehearsing his speech as, with head bowed, he neared the house: "Madame, God has seen fit to call your son. . . Madame, Father Just is dead. . . Madame, a message has come. . ."

"A message has come?" Madame de Bretenieres was in the rose garden; a red rose she had been trimming broke off in her hand.

The Bishop, confused, not realizing that he had spoken aloud, stopped in dismay.

"A message?" asked Father Just's mother. "Then, my boy is a martyr. Is it not so, Monseigneur?"

A Brave Mother

HER eyes were raised to heaven; there were no tears, no recriminations; the Bishop was amazed, rather, at the light in that mother's face.

"Shall we go to the chapel?" he asked gently.

"But yes," said the mother of the martyr. "We must go in and chant our *Te Deum* of thanks to the good God."

That scene took place in France almost eighty years ago. Many times before and since then, similar scenes have been enacted in the countries of Europe, and even in our own land.

When Maryknoll's Father Gerard Donovan, as a boy, told his mother he wanted to go to China as a missioner, that brave

lady answered simply: "Well, Jerry, God is in China quite as He is here. If you go there, He will be with you." Nineteen years later, when the missioner's mangled body was found in the snow on a Manchurian hillside, the aged mother chided her weeping daughter: "It is God's will, Katie. Jerry belongs to God; I am sure He has made good use of him."

Where do mothers of missioners find such strength? Strong men quaver in the task of bringing sad news to them, while they calmly manifest a quality of endurance that shames the strong.

The Price of Faith

IN THE biography of Father Price, it is recorded that all the inspiration, devotion, and zeal which filled his life came to him, under God, from his convert mother. In a day when the Catholic families of North Carolina could be counted on one hand, Mrs. Price built up in her children a solid faith that led four of her eight children towards God's service.

She was one of those mothers of whom Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "A pious matron who molded the character and directed the steps of her son to the sanctuary."

When the same Cardinal was a young Bishop in North Carolina, "the little Price boy" was chosen to serve his Mass. In an effort to put the child at his ease, the prelate asked, "You are not afraid to serve me, are you, my boy?"

"Oh, no, Bishop!" came the candid reply. "You are the priest offering the Sacrifice, and God will come down from heaven at your word. *My mother taught*

me that. If you're not afraid, neither am I."

What else Mrs. Price taught her priestly son may well be conjectured. She had had the door of her own home closed upon her forever when, as a girl of eighteen, she announced her new-found Faith. She had seen the work of pioneer missionaries in the South, and had known the contempt, ridicule, and open abuse that was the lot of anyone who dared to practice or preach Catholicism. Yet she encouraged two of her sons toward the priesthood.

As cofounder of Maryknoll, Father Price never lost an opportunity to impart some of his mother's strength to future missionaries' mothers. It is almost a matter of history that the mothers of Maryknollers have displayed a like generosity, courage, and deep understanding of how joyful a part is theirs in giving sons to God's service in foreign lands.

The Endless Scene

THERE have been tears at departure ceremonies, but they were held until the priestly son was well out of sight, on his way to his new mission.

No one can put his finger on the source of that splendid and loyal strength shown by Maryknoll mothers, but no doubt it came to them some time when, in their prayers or visits to the Blessed Sacrament, they recalled another Mother who saw her Son start out upon a mission which was to mean everything in the world to you and to me. That Mother never faltered for a moment. She had prepared herself and her Son for that day. Perhaps she even realized at that time that, through the years, other mothers would look to her for example; and in that moment she fostered not only courage, but that unflagging zeal which mothers would ever impart to their boys — a zeal that would make them mothers of missionaries.

Three-Minute Meditation

"As the Father has sent me. . ."

THE peace of the world is in our hands. It is the formula of God Himself — so simple, so clear, so easy! The Master showed us the way.

Night and day He gave Himself to others, especially the broken in body and spirit. And then He gave us the privilege of sharing in this divine work.

"As the Father has sent me, I also send you." To whom? To all men! Where? To the whole world! "Go!" He said. He wanted us to hurry.

This was the marching order for an army of men and women who would increase and strengthen with the passage of the centuries. The nobility of Christ's followers were the troops. At first they were fishermen, farmers, dyemakers and weavers. Then the bondsmen, as well as the free, began to understand that the ranks were open to them. The far ends of the world beckoned and pilgrim missionaries carried the faith beyond their boundaries, to strange countries and alien people.

The command has never been revoked. It still rings out: "Go forth; go forth to all lands."

"Launch out into the deep!" He didn't want us to hug the shores, to be too cautious. He was daring. He wanted us to be daring, too, and to take to mankind what belongs to them.

It's more than charity. It's a grave responsibility. These blessings belong to all men, just as they belong to us. For as St. Paul says: "Here there is not 'Gentile and Jew,' 'circumcised and uncircumcised,' 'Barbarian and Scythian,' 'slave and freeman'; but Christ is all things in all." Col. 3:11

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

On the Mission Front

Tiger in the Picken

ONE night last week my reading was interrupted by some wild shouting from across the campus. A wildcat — which the natives call “tiger” — had come into the village and attacked a pig in an outlying pen. By the time we arrived, he was gone, of course. The pig was lying there bleeding — bitten, as is usual in such cases, in the head. I told the men to keep watch for the marauder's return, and I went back to my reading.

Within half an hour, there was the hue and cry again. But this time one of the men came rushing in and shouted: “Padre, the tiger! the tiger! He's in your own pig-pen!”

I grabbed my gun and flashlight and rushed out the back door. Before I had covered the fifty yards, most of the other men were there and all shooting. And they had gotten the tiger already — got him coming right for me!

He was not much of a beast (a little under six feet), but we were glad to get him as he had killed animals here a few times before. He attacked a little pig from our pen that night, too, but didn't get away with it. I had pork the next morning for breakfast.

My Indians skinned, roasted and ate the wildcat, but I stuck to pork!

— Father Gorden Fritz,
of Newport, Minnesota,
now in Cavinaz, Bolivia



Father Gorden Fritz

Biggest Thrill

OUR BIGGEST REGRET is that we are almost at a standstill as regards mission activity. We still make our mission trips, however. All we can afford now is one catechist, who takes care of things right here in the city. But we two Xaviers here in Kochow are not just sitting idle. We have had time to go out and meet people around the town and

have made favorable impressions, I trust. We don't hope for mass conversions, but at least we are getting known and building up good will.

Last summer I went up to visit Father Cosgrove, and he took me out to the airfield, where I met two young fellows whom Father Cosgrove had instructed and baptized. It struck me as strange that these young Americans, who had lived in a country with Catholicity all around them, should have had to come to a pagan country to enter the Fold!

— Father Lawrence Conley,
of Boston, Massachusetts,
now in Kochow, Kwangtung, China

Hopeful Beginnings

WITHIN THE MONTH, we have organized a branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society among the women. Since most of the people of our parish are poor, some of them wretchedly so, it seems a practical necessity to bring them some sort of material relief if we expect to make an impression on them with the Gospel message.

After organizing, our first task was to obtain some money to work with. The Diocesan Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society gave us a subsidy of one thousand pesos — about thirty dollars. The seven original members make personal contributions each week and, besides, they solicit regular weekly contributions from various people throughout the city. The response has been quite encouraging, and we are able to undertake a limited program of assistance to ten or twelve families. Two members of the group visit a family each week, investigating their needs, making helpful suggestions, giving food tickets, clothes, and so forth. A very important part of the work is to see that parents are married in the Church, and children baptized; that all go to Sunday Mass; and that the children are sent to weekly catechism classes. It is too early to say how this arrangement will work out, but we are hopeful.

— *Father Thomas Walsh,
of Kokomo, Indiana,
now in Temuco, Chile*

Gun Makers' Brother

THE VILLAGE OF SE TS' IEN (County Hall Place) is our stand-by now. It has a group of Christians who are very regular on Sundays. Only a couple of them are men, for most of the males are off to war or are working far from here. But the most regu-

lar of the few who attend is, of all people, a young man who once had a definite leaning toward the little brown jug. He is the younger brother of the two gun makers, and he has no visible means of support. But when it comes to an emergency, he proves himself a skilled fisherman.

— We had a good crowd at both Masses and prayers yesterday. Father Michael Gaiero of Haverhill, Massachusetts, my new curate, preached and is showing an excellent command of the language. Our catechist, Mr. Wong, came down from the remote mountain village of Shong Piang (Upper Plain). He reports that, in spite of the hard times, the people are keeping the Faith, and — what is more to be wondered at — some non-Christians are getting interested. Unfortunately, though, there are many deaths in our flock; and the old adage seems to be true, for it is the most fervent who are being taken to their reward. The latest death was that of Kian Fi Ts'ia, who succeeded in breaking the opium habit when he entered the Church and became a staunch Catholic. He died a tough death — the result of an infected tooth. If the people could have gotten word to me, I might have saved him with a sulfa drug, but his home was two days of hard travel from here.

— *Father William O'Brien,
of Chicago, Illinois,
now in Chungsun, Kwangtung, China*

Father O'Brien



Father Conley



Father Walsh





THE MISSING CHAPEL

"ACCOMPANYING is a \$500 War Bond. And it's for 'The Missing Chapel' ... I want to be one of the 500 persons who contribute \$500 towards the building of it. You Maryknollers certainly deserve to have your Chapel after waiting nearly twenty-five years to get it. Here's hoping you will soon find 499 other contributors, so that you will be able to build the Chapel after the war ends."

Needless to say, we were more than delighted to greet this cheery, thoughtful message. And, of course, the generous gift was more than welcome.

But right here and now, we would like to dispel the idea that we are interested only in gifts of \$500 for the Chapel. Anything and everything will be welcome,

small or large. We set the "500 giving \$500" standard so that all our friends could have an idea of what our total objective is.

With peaceful times ahead, we hope that not too many months will pass before we can start the building of the Seminary Chapel.

So please pass word along to your friends, one and all, that, if they are looking for a lasting memorial, we have the very thing for them: anything, from a main altar to a candlestick; or from one of the main walls to a tile in the roof.

For one and all who may be interested, we heartily recommend writing to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Maryknoll



TAR HEEL APOSTLE

Story of Maryknoll's cofounder, Father Thomas F. Price, missionary in North Carolina and in China, by John C. Murrett, M.M., Longmans.

☐ Cloth, \$2.50; ☐ paper, \$1.50

ALL THE DAY LONG

Story of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's cofounder, by Daniel Sargent. Beautifully illustrated. Longmans.

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Stories of Maryknollers on the missions, by James G. Keller, M.M., and Meyer Berger.

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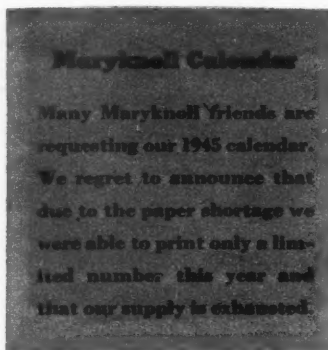
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